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HOOKER



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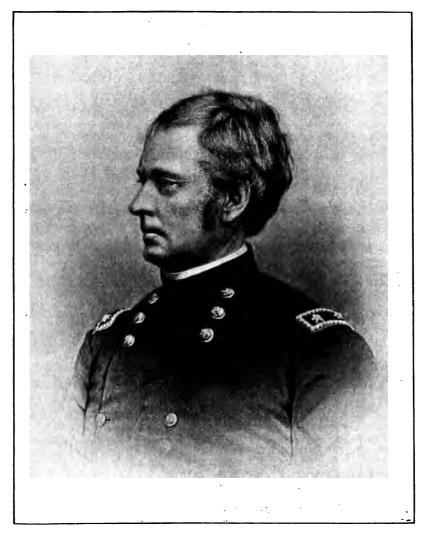
THE GIFT OF

THOMAS NIXON CARVER

PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL BOONOMY

Compliments of Charles Practorde

Lece. 17, 19114,



MAJOR GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER, U. S. A.

THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF MAJOR GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER

ERECTED AND DEDICATED BY THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS



PRINTED BY ORDER OF THE GOVERNOR AND COUNCIL



WRIGHT & POTTER PRINTING COMPANY

1903

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Commonwealth of Wassachuseits

COUNCIL CHAMBER

Wednesday, July 15, 1903

RDERED: That Francis Hurtubis, Jr., Private Secretary to His Excellency the Governor, be authorized to edit and publish a report of the proceedings incident to the erection, unveiling and dedication of the equestrian statue of Major General Joseph Hooker, the expense attending the same to be paid out of the appropriation authorized by chapter forty-four of the Resolves of the year nineteen hundred and three.

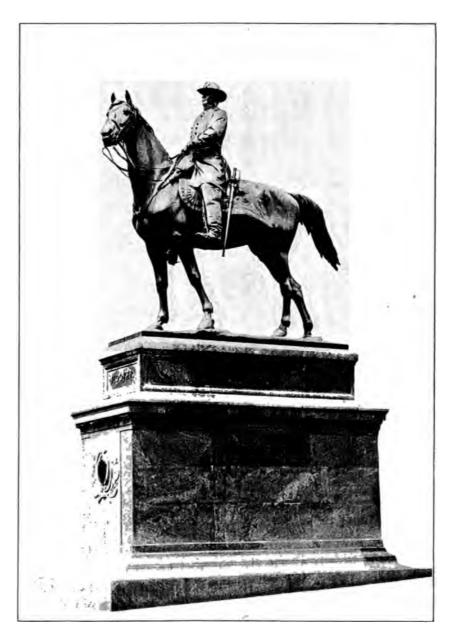
A true copy.

Attest:

Edward F. Hamlin,

Executive Secretary

INTRODUCTION



STATUE OF MAJOR GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER

INTRODUCTION

monuments to men that we may not forget them, but because we cannot forget them. From time immemorial all races in all stages of civilization have entertained respect for the dead. It is a universal sentiment, founded upon admiration for the character or deeds of the departed. It is a noble sentiment, for it keeps alive the memory of those beloved, and incites the building of imperish-

able memorials which serve as an inspiration for the

living.

It is in obedience to this sentiment that the people of Massachusetts, through their representatives in the General Court of the year 1896, resolved that there be paid out of the treasury of the Commonwealth, to be expended under the direction of the Governor and Council, a sum not exceeding fifty thousand dollars, for the purpose of erecting in Massachusetts an equestrian statue, in bronze, of the brave and distinguished soldier of the Union, Major General Joseph Hooker.

In compliance with the provisions of that Resolve (chapter forty-three of the Resolves of the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six), it was voted by the Governor and Council, on January fifth, eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, that Messrs. Daniel Chester French and Edward C. Potter be authorized to produce a full-sized model of an equestrian statue of Major General Joseph Hooker, subject to the approval of the Governor and Council when completed. Accordingly on March thirtieth, eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, an agreement was entered into between the Commonwealth and Messrs. French and Potter, for the creation and erection of the statue.

During the month of August, nineteen hundred and two, the model of the equestrian statue was submitted to the Governor and Council for their inspection, and was by them approved on the twenty-seventh of that month.

In November of the same year, Messrs. Norcross Brothers, of Worcester, Massachusetts, were authorized by the Governor and Council to provide a pedestal for the Hooker statue, and Messrs. Brite and Bacon, of New York city, were selected as the architects of the pedestal.

The pedestal, which is fourteen feet in height, is built of granite, quarried at Stony Creek, Connecticut. The blocks of which it is constructed vary in size from six to twelve feet in length, averaging two feet in height, the bottom course being ten feet eleven inches in width by nineteen feet seven inches in length. The main die of the pedestal is six feet six inches wide by fifteen feet two inches long. Upon the front of the pedestal is carved a shield, with a wreath of laurel leaves around it. In the shield is inserted a bronze copy of the Coat of Arms of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, modeled by Daniel Chester French. Upon the rear of this die is placed a bronze tablet recording the military history of General Hooker. The bronze tablet was executed by Messrs. Shreve, Crump & Low, of Boston. The cap of the main die, or pedestal, is composed of a plain cornice, supported by a modified bracket course of slight projection, with guttae, or drops, on its under side. Above this main die is placed the pedestal, immediately underneath the bronze statue, four feet eight inches in width on the front and thirteen feet four inches in length. Upon the front of this is inserted bronze letters forming the word HOOKER. These bronze letters are fitted

into the granite, which is first cut out to receive them, with bronze pins extending well into the material. The finish upon the surface of the granite is what is known as "rubbed" surface, which brings out all the color of the granite without giving gloss. The statue, which is the joint creation of Messrs. French and Potter, is fifteen feet high from the plinth to the top of the head of the rider. It was cast in bronze by the Bonney-Bonnard Company of New York. It is supposed to represent General Hooker surveying a battlefield from an eminence.

The horse, which is the work of Mr. Potter, is a very spirited looking and highly vitalized animal. It does not derive its life-like energy and spirit from any meretricious device of attitude, for it is not prancing, nor is it lifting one foot from the ground. It is standing, yet not motionless. In viewing it, one cannot but feel that there is in the animal the potency of speed, endurance and steadiness. His head is superb. It is full of nerve, expression and quality. Looking at the horse from any point of view, it is magnetic — thrilling with life.

In his portrayal of Hooker, Mr. French has displayed ability equal to that of his associate. He does not typify Hooker as a conqueror, egotistically exulting

in victory; he has rather symbolized in his figure the thought of staunch and abiding devotion to a cause, a devotion which counts no cost, never wavers, in defeat or in triumph is equally steady and loyal—the ideal of soldierly fidelity.

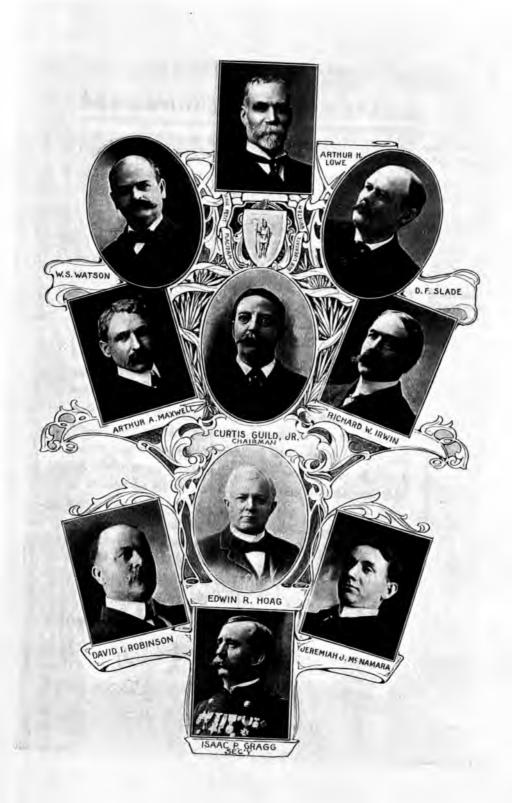
In a word, the work commends itself for its dignity and spirit. There is a unity of purpose and feeling in the group, a fine relationship between the man and the horse, void of bombast and flourish; it is military in sentiment, yet it has none of the unpleasant aspects of warfare.

By a Resolve of the General Court of the year nineteen hundred and three, it was provided that there be allowed and paid out of the treasury of the Commonwealth, to be expended under the direction of the Governor and Council, a sum not exceeding twenty-three thousand dollars, for paying the expenses connected with the dedication of the statue of Major General Joseph Hooker, which is to be placed in the State House grounds.

In April nineteen hundred and three, His Excellency the Governor appointed the Lieutenant Governor and the members of the Executive Council a committee to make arrangements for the dedication of the statue.

His Honor Lieutenant Governor Curtis Guild, Jr., was selected as chairman of the general committee, while the chairmen of the sub-committees were designated as follows: invitations and receptions, Councillor David F. Slade; ceremonies and literary exercises, Councillor Arthur A. Maxwell; observation stands and decorations, Councillor Jeremiah J. McNamara; catering, Councillor David I. Robinson; parade, Councillor Richard W. Irwin; police and carriages, Councillor Walter S. Watson; transportation, Councillor Arthur H. Lowe; printing, Councillor Edwin R. Hoag. Captain Isaac P. Gragg, of Boston, was appointed Secretary of the committee.

June twenty-fifth having been determined as the day for the dedication of the statue, His Excellency the Governor issued the following proclamation:





DEDICATION OF HOOKER STATUE

Commonwealth of Massachusetts Executive Department

Boston, June 22, 1903

To the Citizens of Boston:

On Thursday next the Commonwealth is to dedicate a statue to commemorate the services of Major General Joseph Hooker. This monument is erected to indicate the appreciation that Massachusetts has not only for the great commander whose name it bears, but also for the brave men who represented Massachusetts and the cause of the Union in the civil war. Thousands of veterans are to visit this city on that day and to join in the dedication exercises and in the parade. The state departments will be closed. His Honor the Mayor has directed that city hall be closed, and I hereby suggest and earnestly recommend that similar action be taken by our citizens, and that all places of business be closed; and that our people emphasize their appreciation of the services of the Union soldiers, the living and the dead, by making the day in effect a holiday, and by fitting decorations throughout the city, and especially along the route of the procession.

JOHN L. BATES

Introduction (Proclamation by Governor Bates)

As a mark of respect for the memory of General Hooker, the North Atlantic fleet, including the battle-ships Indiana and Texas, the historic old Hartford, and the torpedo boat destroyers Chauncey, Dale, Bainbridge, Barry and Decatur, under the command of Rear Admiral James H. Sands, lay at anchor in Boston harbor on the day of the dedication of the monument.

June twenty-fifth was a "gray day;" the atmosphere was moist and chilly. But while the weather conditions were not altogether agreeable, they had little, if any, effect in dampening the interest or enthusiasm of the people in the celebration.

It is estimated that fifteen thousand men, including detachments of the army and navy of the United States, the entire Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, veterans of the Mexican, the Civil and the Spanish wars, members of General Hooker's various commands, representatives of the town of Hadley, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the Boston Fusileer Veteran Association, the Boston School Cadet Brigade, and other organizations and distinguished guests and citizens, paraded through the streets of Boston, and were greeted at every step by multitudes of citizens lining the route.

At the request of the Committee of the Council, and by the special courtesy of the War Department, the colors of General Hooker's old regiment, the First Artillery, U. S. A., were carried in the parade.

Among the distinguished visitors who rode in carriages in the parade were Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles, Major General Daniel E. Sickles, Major General O. O. Howard, Major General Wesley A. Merritt, Major General J. R. Brooke, Major General Alexander S. Webb, Major General J. C. Breckenridge, Colonel John G. Butler, Brigadier General N. A. M. Dudley, Rear Admiral M. L. Johnson, Rear Admiral J. H. Sands, Lieutenant T. P. Magruder, Rear Admiral N. M. Dyer, Colonel P. C. Pope, U.S.M.C., Major General J. L. Chamberlain, Brigadier General S. M. Mansfield; Hooker's surviving staff officers: Brigadier General J. Dickinson, Brigadier General P. A. Oliver, Lieutenant Colonel A. S. Austin, Major E. H. Pratt, Major R. M. McDowell, Brigadier General J. A. Reynolds, Brigadier General G. W. Balloch, Lieutenant Colonel C. E. Cadwalader, Lieutenant Colonel C. L. Young, Captain N. Bickford; Brigadier General Charles P. Mattocks, Orator; Rev. E. A. Horton, Chaplain; Rev. Arthur Little, Chaplain; Daniel Chester French, Sculptor; Edward C. Potter,

Sculptor; officers of Massachusetts departments, Medal of Honor Legion, and Officers of Society of California Pioneers.

Colonel John L. Tiernon, U.S.A., commanded the United States forces, which acted as an escort to the state troops and to the veterans. His Excellency John L. Bates, Governor and Commander-in-Chief, commanded the parade, while Major General William A. Bancroft, M.V. M., retired, Brigadier General United States Volunteers, acted as Grand Marshal of the Veterans' Column.

At nine o'clock A.M., the ceremonies of unveiling the statue were held, in the presence of an immense and impressive gathering. Near the statue in the State House park were massed the members of the Hooker brigade, the veterans of the 26th Pennsylvania, carrying the battle-torn flag flown at Gettysburg, and several posts of the Massachusetts Grand Army of the Republic.

His Honor Curtis Guild, Jr., chairman of the committee in charge of the celebration, called the assemblage to order and presented the Rev. Arthur Little of Dorchester, who offered prayer. Upon the conclusion of the prayer, the chairman, in behalf of the monument committee, briefly narrated the history of the statue and

formally tendered it to the Commonwealth through its Chief Magistrate. Joseph Hooker Wood, a grand-nephew of General Hooker, loosed the cord that bound the flags and veiling, and the beautiful creation of the sculptors was revealed amid the cheers of the multitude and the blasts of bugles sounding a major-general's call. At the same moment the big guns stationed on the Common thundered thirteen times, and the simple ceremonies attending the unveiling were completed. His Excellency the Governor then accepted the statue on behalf of the Commonwealth.

Punctually at eleven o'clock Colonel John L. Tiernon, commanding the Federal forces, ordered the column to advance, and one of the largest and most brilliant military pageants that Boston has witnessed in a generation proceeded upon its long march. The route of the parade was through Arlington to Boylston streets, to Park Square, to Columbus avenue, to West Newton and to Tremont streets, to Winter, to Summer, to High and to Pearl streets, to Post Office Square, to Water, to Washington, to School, to Beacon and to Charles streets, to the Common.

When the procession reached the State House, His Excellency the Governor, mounted upon his handsome black horse, accompanied by his entire military staff,

Introduction

wheeled into position to review the marching column. Brigadier General Dalton occupied the position on the Governor's left, and the commanding officers of the several divisions took positions on his right, in turn, as their divisions marched past. On the Common, rations were issued to the veterans and to the visiting troops. At Faneuil Hall, a special banquet was provided for the Hooker veterans.

At seven o'clock in the evening, exercises in commemoration of the services of General Hooker were held in Mechanics' Hall, at which six thousand people were present. The great hall was beautifully decorated with red, white and blue bunting, intertwined with stars and stripes. Over the stage was a large picture of General Hooker, draped with an American flag. Around the upper balcony were pictures of President McKinley, President Roosevelt, General Grant, President Harrison, President Arthur, President Lincoln, General Kearny, and Governor Andrew, and around the lower balcony, in large gilt letters, were chronologically arranged the names of the battles in which General Hooker had taken a prominent part.

In addition to the interesting programme provided for the evening, there were four pleasant surprises. Three of these were brief addresses by Lieutenant

Introduction

General Miles, Major General Howard, and Major General Thomas L. Rosser, who served in the Confederate Army and later in the Union Army in the Spanish war. The fourth was the announcement by His Excellency John L. Bates, chairman of the evening exercises, that there was in the hall an old drum which had been beaten on Lookout Mountain, and one who was a drummer boy in Hooker's brigade. He then presented both to the assemblage. The drummer boy, named Welch, was of the old 33rd Massachusetts. He beat the assembly on the old drum, and was loudly encored. He responded, accompanied by a fifer who had served in the Spanish war.

Shortly after seven o'clock, the hour scheduled for the exercises to begin, an overture, "Recollections of the War," was performed by the First Corps Cadets Band, under the conductorship of Mr. John M. Flockton. Governor Bates then advanced to the front of the stage and presented the Rev. Edward A. Horton, a naval veteran of the Civil war, who invoked divine blessing.

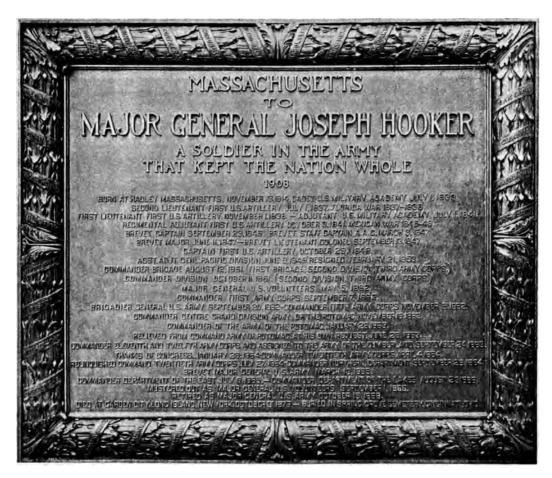
The prayer was followed by a song, "The Battle Cry of Freedom," by the Grand Army chorus, Colonel William M. Olin, conductor. The next feature was an impressive assembly of colors. One hundred color-

Introduction

bearers of the Massachusetts Grand Army posts, under command of Colonel J. Payson Bradley, marched to the stage from the rear of the hall, where they had been standing, and, after certain evolutions, remained standing, while Miss Adah Campbell Hussey sang the "Star Spangled Banner," assisted by the Grand Army chorus. The color-bearers then deposited their flags and marched to the seats at the front of the hall, which had been reserved for them. Immediately following this, Governor Bates introduced Brigadier General Charles P. Mattocks, the orator of the occasion. Upon the conclusion of General Mattocks' oration, the Grand Army chorus sang "We Old Boys," the band played "American Airs," and the exercises closed by the assemblage singing "America."

INSCRIPTIONS

UPON THE HOOKER MONUMENT



TABLET UPON THE MONUMENT



NAME AND SEAL UPON THE MONUMENT

CEREMONIES

UNVEILING OF THE STATUE

MAJ. GEN. JOSEPH HOOKER

PRAYER

BY REVEREND ARTHUR LITTLE



PRAYER BY REVEREND ARTHUR LITTLE

LMIGHTY GOD, our Heavenly Father, in whom we live and move and have our being, and from whom all right

desires proceed, help us as we approach into Thy presence, to make sincere confession of all our sins, and grateful acknowledgment of all Thy mercies.

• We thank Thee for that loving Providence which has led us to this impressive hour.

Most distinctly has Thy guiding hand been seen in all the events of our nation's history, from the beginning until now. And nowhere more signally than in the history of this ancient Commonwealth.

The ground on which we stand is holy ground—hallowed by great memories and great deeds, the birth-place and cradle of civil and religious freedom,—the home of popular government, and the sanctuary of religion and learning.

In obedience to an instinct implanted in our hearts by Thee, we meet here this morning to recall the Prayer

deeds and honor the memory of one of Massachusetts' distinguished sons. We devoutly thank Thee, O God, for the home in which his childhood and youth were spent, for his early devotion of himself to his country's service, for his fervid patriotism, for his sagacious leadership, for his coolness and courage in the hour of battle, for his patience and perseverance in the time of disaster and defeat, for his magnanimity in the hour of victory, for his distinguished part in saving the nation and establishing peace. For his sake, for our sake, for the country's sake, we remember him to-day.

In order that those qualities which made him a true patriot, a gallant soldier, and a noble man may be kept alive and reproduced in the lives of coming generations, with gratitude to God for such a man, we reverently place this statue in this consecrated spot, and give it into the custody of this Commonwealth. Here may it stand, through sunshine and through storm, in defiance of the elements, as a fitting memorial of this great defender of the nation for centuries to come. And, as successive generations of children and youth, men and women, look upon this heroic figure, now immortalized in bronze, may they recall distinctly the causes which constrained this gallant soldier to unsheathe his sword. May they, O God of battles,

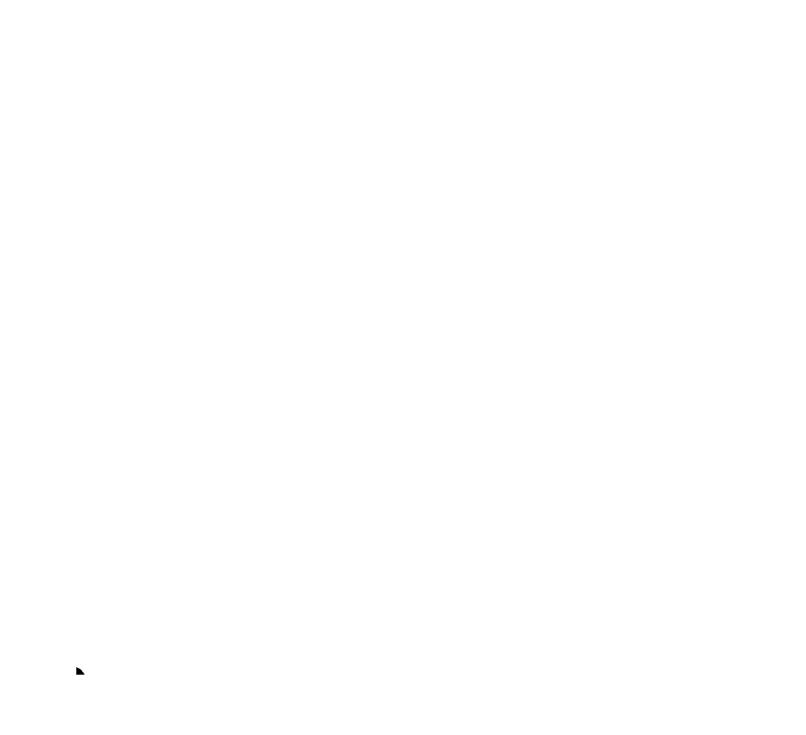
realize that, while all wars are cruel, and most wars unjust, sometimes it is only by a resort to arms that liberty can be preserved, a nation saved, and lasting peace be secured.

Theavenly Father, to Thee we commend the President of the United States, the Governor of this Commonwealth, our army and navy, the survivors of the War of the Rebellion, and all the citizens of this great nation.

May we, henceforth, unitedly and earnestly labor to the end that peace and prosperity may continue, and that all the results for which this great soldier and all other loyal soldiers fought, during four agonizing and bloody years, may be realized and made good to every citizen of every color, throughout the length and breadth of this great Republic.

I Grant us this, we humbly entreat Thee, O God, with the forgiveness of all our sins, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

raver



ADDRESS

HIS HONOR CURTIS GUILD, JR.



ADDRESS

OF HIS HONOR CURTIS GUILD, JR.



OUR Excellency: By chapter 43 of the Resolves of 1896, approved March 28 by Acting Governor Wolcott, the General Court of Massachusetts provided for the equestrian statue in bronze which we dedicate to-day. details of its construction and location were left by this resolve to the Governor and Council.

On January 5, 1898, the Council of that year selected Daniel C. French and Edward C. Potter to prepare, respectively, the models of man and horse, which were later approved by the same Council and by Governor Wolcott. In the same year, 1898, the site for the monument was chosen and approved.

By chapter 44 of the Resolves of the present year, approved April 9, 1903, the Governor and Council were also placed in charge of the dedication of the statue. The Lieutenant Governor and the members of the Council were at once appointed by Your Excel-

DEDICATION OF HOOKER STATUE

Address

lency as a committee to carry the resolve of the General Court into effect.

As chairman of that committee, I have the honor to report to you the completion and erection of the statue on the site selected and prepared by our predecessors in accordance with the action of the General Court.

It is further my high privilege on the part of the Committee in charge now officially to transfer to you, the Chief Magistrate of the Commonwealth, this monument, erected by the people of Massachusetts in memory of the daring and devotion of the leader that Massachusetts gave to the armies of the Union—Major General Joseph Hooker.

ADDRESS

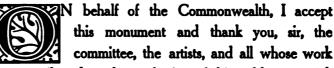
HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN L. BATES



HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN L. BATES, GOVERNOR

ADDRESS

OF HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN L. BATES
GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS



has contributed to the perfection of this noble memorial.

Joseph Hooker was a descendant of several generations of Massachusetts yeomanry. Here he was born, and here he spent his childhood and youth, but the breadth of the continent was not too vast a sphere for the activities of his manhood.

Trained in the nation's school of the soldier, he was ready to serve her whenever and wherever the nation needed him. Early in the great contest for the perpetuity of the union he attained distinction, and through merit advanced from command to command, until he led a vast host—the army of the Potomac.

Never in the rear, but always leading his troops, sharing their dangers and beloved by them; always seeking the enemy, whether in the valley or on the

Address

mountain, beneath or above the clouds, self-reliant, resourceful, intrepid, impetuous, he was a fighter with his sword always drawn, a hero of battles, a soldier and a patriot.

To his memory, and to the memory of the one hundred and forty-six thousand, seven hundred and thirty brave, true, irresistible men whom this state sent forth to engage in that greatest of all conflicts of arms, is this monument dedicated. Here, sitting in the saddle of bronze, may the commander ever direct the attention of the world to the fact that Massachusetts does not forget her defenders, and may he order to the front in all generations of our citizenship, the best impulses, the noblest ideals, the highest traits of character.

POEM
BY HOLMAN F. DAY

JOE HOOKER'S OLD BRIGADE BY HOLMAN F. DAY

WHO are those men in the old blue coats with the halting steps and slow,

With their old men's cheer and their stern salute for the statue of Fighting Joe?
Who are those men with the old slouch hats that are raised by trembling hands,
As they wheel through the press of the bellowing throngs where Hooker's
statue stands?

Waved by the wind are locks of brown, as the gold-barred caps are raised, There are close-cropped curls of Guard and Jack, that the chattering maids have praised;

But whose are the locks of grizzled gray, and, touched by the soft June light, Whose are the bowed and wavering heads under the locks of white? Smart cadets in quickstep trip and men from the warships march, Regulars swing, platoon and file, rigid with martial starch; Guard and cavalry, past they tramp, a-glitter with gilt and gold, But who are the men in the faded garb, tottering, gray and old? Who? Had you stood with fighting Joe on that black November day When Lookout Mountain poured its shells and slaughter held its sway; Had you viewed with him those sun-burned ranks come wheeling into place, Perchance beneath the mask of age you'd know a younger face, That turning to gaze at Lookout's top saw black Death reeling there, And drunken Doom in wild debauch toast frenzied, fierce Despair. For these are they who marched that day with gallant Fighting Joe, These are they who charged that day when Hooker ordered, "Go1" These are they who stormed that mount - undaunted, cheering crowds And fought the fight of all the war - that fight above the clouds.

DEDICATION OF HOOKER STATUE

Poem They're old to-day, their feet are slow, they stumble on the stones; They've seen the game of war and death, its blood, and tears, and grosse, They've seen the light of victory, the peace their valor earned, And on the ranks of fighting gray their backs were never turned. Hats off, then, as they're marching by! The Thirty-third is there! Hats off, men! There the Second strides, the best old shoulders square! What kind of fighters? Listen, men! Of that old Thirty-third That charged up Lookout that black day when Hooker gave the word, Full ninety died this side the top, both officers and men-And that was the sort of fighting stuff that marched with Hooker then! Then three times three as they go by! Stuff of which men are made Is woven in the warp and west of Hooker's old brigade. And who are they - those sombre shades - that mass there in the rear? Who call unto that shape of bronze, "Our General, we are here!" Oh, who are those not seen by men who throng our streets to-day. Poor battered ghosts of bloody field and spectres from the fray? The phantoms shoulder side by side with those who march along. A mighty army all unseen by careless, crushing throng; But each of war-worn Thirty-third and Second, true and tried, Knows that a ghost of comrade dead is marching by his side, The statue molded in its bronze seems silent, cold and mute, But to those ghosts that marching come it gives the old salute, And had you eyes that spirits have and had you sense to know You'd see those viewless hosts doff hats to gallant Fighting Joe. You'd hear the strains of unseen bands, you'd hear the tramping feet, So willing at the order, "Charge!" so slow in the retreat; You'd hear the cheers from phantom throats — the cheers that Hooker

When Lookout Mountain felt the charge of brave old Thirty-third. Huzza, for those who bore the brunt of all that savage day, Huzza, for living and for those who died there in the fray, Huzza, for him whom loyal hearts obeyed with love and pride, And facing all the woes of war charged up that hill and died!

DEDICATION OF HOOKER STATUE

They march to-day, the scattered few; with each there strides a ghost, With spirit eyes you'd see the mass a mighty moving host,

For on a solemn day like this do live again the dead

And throng beneath the glorious flag for which they fought and bled;

And under their great General's eye do wheel in brave review,

While spirits from the solemn tomb keep step with war-worn few.

Brave Hooker there in sombre bronze bestrides his silent steed,

Here are the men who did his work in days of bitter need.

Attention! File right! Off with hats! Behold the great parade

Of men and phantoms—they who fought in Hooker's old brigade!

Poem



POEM
BY STEPHEN OLIN SHERMAN

THE LAST SALUTE TO HOOKER BY STEPHEN OLIN SHERMAN

IN bronze immortal, and with fame secure,
The hero on his charger sits to-day,
As when he with a courage strong and sure,
Faced serried ranks in butternut and gray;
His steadfast purpose, loyalty and pluck,
His leadership when fighting men were few,
The Yankee grit that never yet has struck,
Entitle him to honors here anew.

What field in our great struggles does not bear,
Enshrined with mighty deeds, his glorious name!
What heart in all the land that does not wear
His valor as its proudest oriflamme!
In glades of Contreras, in Tennessee,
In Georgia woods, Virginia's recking mire,
On Lookout Mountain, and confronting Lee,
Tis flaming forth in lines of living fire.

Now as he rides his war steed straight and tall,
And vet'rans pass him in their last review,
They seem to hear the brazen trumpets call,
While sounds again the rattling drum's tattoo;
They hear the minie whistle, and the shell,
Victorious shouts along the surging line,
The booming guns, the loud, defiant yell,
The shrapnel's crash amid the oak and pine.

Poem

The bugle blares—South Mountain's on once more,
And grizzled men who knew their leader well,
Recall the oath they once so firmly swore,
To follow him e'en to the gates of hell;
They see the grimy gunners on the mound,
Once more they smell the powder and the smoke,
Again they hear the old familiar sound,
The musket's rattle, and the sabre stroke.

Serene he sits. Above the battle's roar,
He guides it ever with a master hand,
Regardless of the work that is before,
His only thought a reunited land;
And as he rode at Fair Oaks on the plain,
Manassas, and Chantilly, Malvern Hill,
So now he leads his legions once again,
In spite of years their old commander still.

By Rappahannock's swollen tide, and higher
Where the old flag triumphant kissed the clouds,
The frowning Ridge a flaming fringe of fire,
With forest leaves the soldiers' only shrouds;
And well these names may make the victors cheer,
Awakening love for country joined again
With bands of steel that makes it doubly dear,
The work of Hooker and his gallant men.

But some are missed who fought where Kearny died,
And where Antietam's little church still shows,
How Lee, Hill, Jackson all our strength defied,
And held their ground in spite of mighty blows;
And those now here are aged, beat and grey,
Beneath the burden of advancing years,
And Underwood, and Devens — where are they?
To join with us in these victorious cheers!

An inspiration this for future times,

For generations that are yet unborn,

The writer's pen, the poet with his rhymes,

And those who proudest legends can adorn,

As Hooker has his country's glowing page,

The paladin who could both fight and plan,

With heart inspired with patriotic rage,

Our proudest boast—A Massachusetts Man.

Poem



ORDER OF THE PARADE

ORDER OF THE PARADE



MOUNTED POLICE

UNITED STATES FORCES

DETACHMENT OF UNITED STATES ARMY Colonel JOHN L. TIERNON

Battalion Coast Artillery, Major Robert H. Patterson (escorting old colors of Hooker's Regiment)
 Battalion Ninth Infantry, Major Robert J. C. Devine
 Twenty-seventh Light Field Battery, Captain John Conklin

Squadron Second United States Cavalry, Major Daniel C. Pearson

DETACHMENT OF UNITED STATES NAVY Lieutenant Commander JOHN G. QUIMBY

Battalion United States marines, Captain George C. Reid
Battalion seamen, U. S. F. S. Texas, Lieutenant Louis M. Nulton.
Battalion seamen, U. S. S. Indiana and Hartford, Lieutenant
George R. Marvell

Order of the Parade

MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEER MILITIA

His Excellency JOHN L. BATES, Governor and Commander-in-Chief

FIRST BRIGADE
Brigadier General THOMAS R. MATHEWS

Second Regiment Infantry, Colonel Embury P. Clark
First Regiment Heavy Artillery, Colonel James A. Frye
Sixth Regiment Infantry, Colonel Charles K. Darling
First Battalion Light Artillery, Major Lawrence N. Duchesney
Company F, Cavalry, Captain J. J. Monahan

SECOND BRIGADE
Brigadier General JOPHANUS H. WHITNEY

Eighth Regiment Infantry, Colonel William A. Pew, Jr.
Fifth Regiment Infantry, Colonel William H. Oakes
Ninth Regiment Infantry, Colonel William H. Donovan
Battery A, Light Artillery, Captain Samuel D. Parker
First Battalion Cavalry, Major William A. Perrins
Naval Brigade, Captain George R. H. Buffinton
First Corps Cadets, Lieutenant Colonel Thomas F. Edmands
Second Corps Cadets, Major Andrew Fitz

VETERANS' COLUMN Grand Marshal

Order of the Parade

Major General WILLIAM A. BANCROFT, M. V. M., Retired
Brigadier General United States Volunteers

FIRST DIVISION

Major W. A. SMITH, U. S. V., Marshal

HOOKER'S OLD BRIGADE Colonel EDWARD L. BAILEY

- First Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry Association, Major Geo. E. Henry
- Eleventh Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry Association, Captain William H. Brown
- Sixteenth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry Association, Major Jonas Capelle
- Second New Hampshire Volunteer Infantry Association, Major Frank C. Wesley
- Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry Association, Sergeant Arthur Montgomery
- Society Army of the Potomac, Major General John R. Brooke, U. S. A., retired, President
- Twentieth Army Corps Society, Captain John C. Metcalf
- Second Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry Association, Captain Wm. H. McAlpine
- Thirty-third Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry Association, Charles S. Bennett, President

Order of the Parade

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS IN CARRIAGES

Lieutenant General NELSON A. MILES, U. S. Army

Major General D. E. Sickles
Rear Admiral M. L. Johnson
Major General O. O. Howard
Rear Admiral J. H. Sands
Lieutenant T. P. Magruder
Major General J. R. Brooke
Rear Admiral N. M. Dyer

Major General Alex S. Webb
Colonel P. C. Pope, U. S. M. C.
Major General J. C. Breckenridge
Major General J. L. Chamberlain
Colonel John G. Butler
Brigadier General S. M. Mansfield

HOOKER'S SURVIVING STAFF OFFICERS

Brigadier General J. Dickinson

Brigadier General J. A. Reynolds

Brigadier General Charles P. Mattocks, Orator Rev. Arthur Little, Chaplain Rev. Edward A. Horton, Chaplain Daniel C. French, Sculptor E. C. Potter, Sculptor

Officers of Massachusetts Department, Medal of Honor Legion Officers of the Society of California Pioneers

SECOND DIVISION

Order of the Parade

- Massachusetts Department, Grand Army of the Republic, Commander Dwight O. Judd, Division Marshal
- Right Wing Department, Senior Vice-Commander Lucius Field
- Left Wing Department, Junior Vice-Commander James H. Wolff

THIRD DIVISION

Brigadier General MORRIS SCHAFF, Division Marshal

- General Joseph Hooker Command, Union Veteran's Union
- Kearsarge Association of Naval Veterans, Admiral Andrew Houghton
- General R. S. McKenzie Garrison No. 4, Army and Navy Union, Commander John Taylor
- Trimountain Garrison No. 98, Regular Army and Navy Union
- Legion of Spanish War Veterans, Junior Vice-Commander Thos. L. Hayes
- Maj. P. J. Grady Camp, National Army and Navy Union Spanish War Veterans, Capt. M. J. Murphy
- Massachusetts Division Sons of Veterans, Commander Orra L. Stone
- Robert Gould Shaw Veteran Association, Commander F. C. Murray
- New England Association of Veterans of the Mexican War, in coaches, General S. E. Chamberlain, President
- Delegation from town of Hadley, Mass. (the birthplace of General Hooker) in boat barge

Order of the Parade

FOURTH DIVISION

Colonel CHARLES PFAFF, Division Marshal

Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, Colonel Sidney M. Hedges

Boston Fusileer Veteran Association, W. J. Gillespie

Boston School Cadet Brigade (Regimental commanders alternate in commanding the Brigade)

First Regiment, Lieutenant Colonel Harold B. Grouse Second Regiment, Lieutenant Colonel Wm. J. Shanahan Third Regiment, Lieutenant Colonel Everett W. Abbott PROGRAM OF EXERCISES

MECHANICS' HALL

EXERCISES

AT THE

DEDICATION OF AN EQUESTRIAN STATUE

ERECTED BY THE

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS IN COMMEMORATION OF THE SERVICES

0

Maj. GEN. JOSEPH HOOKER, U.S. A.



MECHANICS' HALL, BOSTON
JUNE 25, 1903

PROGRAM

Presiding Officer, His Excellency JOHN L. BATES

Overture "Recollections of the War"

Beyer

FIRST CORPS CADETS BAND Mr. John M. Flockton, Conductor

Invocation

REV. EDWARD A. HORTON

Song "Battle-Cry of Freedom"

George F. Root

GRAND ARMY CHORUS

Assembly of the Colors

MASSACHUSETTE GRAND ARMY POSTS

Solo "The Star Spangled Banner"

Francis Scott Key

MISS ADAH CAMPBELL HUSSEY
Assisted by Grand Army Chorus

Oration

GENERAL CHARLES P. MATTOCKS

Song "We Old Boys"

John L. Parker (Post 5, Lynn)

GRAND ARMY CHORUS

Band "American Airs"

Hymn "America"

Rev. S. F. Smith, D.D.

(All are requested to rise and join in singing the hymn)

My Country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of Liberty, Of thee I sing: Land where my fathers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From every mountain side Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee, Land of the noble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.

Our fathers' God! to Thee, Author of liberty, To Thee we sing. Long may our land be bright With freedom's holy light, Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

FINALE

OPENING REMARKS
BY GOVERNOR BATES

OPENING REMARKS BY GOVERNOR BATES



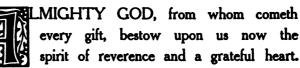
ETERANS, and friends of the Veterans:
We have here this evening an old drum.
It was beaten on Lookout Mountain. We

have with us one who was a drummer boy in Hooker's brigade. The drummer boy will now beat the assembly on the old drum.



INVOCATION BY REV. EDWARD A. HORTON

INVOCATION BY REV. EDWARD A. HORTON



We thank Thee for this goodly land, the home of liberty and justice. Thou didst give it to a faithful few, and now it teems with millions. For the heroes of that noble past, from which our blessings flow, we thank Thee.

IFor wise men who guided our affairs through trying times to conditions of peace and power, and who by their statesmanship made our nation honorable in the earth, we thank Thee.

IFor poets who have sung our country's glories, and for eloquent lips that have set forth the ideals of our people, we thank Thee.

Above all, at this moment, we remember with love and esteem those valiant ones who sprang to the defence of the nation's life, who were bold in face of Invocation

foes, and who counted their lives as of no account in the cause of freedom and union.

They are with us now, those departed comrades. We feel the inspiration of their devotion, and we are comforted by the thought of their immortal valor. May their examples never fade from the vision of American youth. May their sacrifices always be recalled when duty slumbers, or when public virtue loses sway. May the perils of our land always be turned aside by the patriot's spirit, kindled to righteous service by the power of our great inheritances.

¶Upon the forces of our Republic, on land and sea, may Thy blessing rest. Let them be representatives of the people, indeed, protecting the weak, enforcing justice, creating brotherhood. So shall the flag we cherish ever bear to all the world the message of a free, happy people, whose God is the Lord of just battles, and the King of holy peace. ¶This consecration of ourselves we ask, that home and church and State may abound with goodness, and Thy Kingdom, O God, come to all mankind. Amen.



BRIGADIER GENERAL CHARLES P. MATTOCKS, U. S. A.

ORATION

BY GENERAL CHARLES P. MATTOCKS OF PORTLAND, MAINE

INTRODUCTION OF GENERAL MATTOCKS BY GOVERNOR BATES

THIS hour is devoted to great deeds and great men. The one that is next to address us is a hero of two wars and a commander in both. One who was twice brevetted for gallantry on the field, he wears a medal of honor won at Sailors' Creek. He was a friend of our General Hooker. It is with great pleasure that I present to you General Charles P. Mattocks as the orator of this occasion.

ORATION

BY GENERAL CHARLES P. MATTOCKS
OF PORTLAND, MAINE

HERE is a voice from the tombs sweeter than song; there is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn from the charm of the living." To-day many of you look back to the trying scenes through which you passed while following the good and evil fortunes of the gallant soldier in whose honor we have met. More than two thousand years ago a distinguished writer said, "To have the same likes and the same dislikes is the surest bond of friendship." This may be true of a certain kind of friendship - the sentimental kind but those of us who have felt the touch of elbow as we rushed on in the mad charge upon a valiant and stubborn foe, or watched by the side of a dying comrade, and have again and again seen a life imperilled to save another life, have found that to have

shared a common danger in a cause to which our lives were pledged is the strongest and most enduring bond of friendship, calling forth the highest and best sentiments of the human soul. To-day, I gazed for the first time upon the grand work of the sculptor, which is to hand down to future generations the lineaments of one, who, in sharing dangers common to us all, took to himself the fullest measure, and, as he rode along our lines or led us in the deadly charge, was to us the ideal commander. As I stood charmed and spell-bound before the beautiful statue, the dial upon the clock turned back more than forty years, and I saw, not a dumb, lifeless form, chiseled against the peaceful sky, but a living, resolute and determined general riding upon his panting steed along our lines, amidst the cheers of the soldiers—as shot and shell and pattering bullets fell around him, inspiring the fire of patriotism by his presence — that ideal general that incarnation of soldierly qualities — whose mere name was a watchword for brave and gallant deeds — General Joseph Hooker.

When I first saw General Hooker I looked upon him with that blind and enthusiastic admiration which a youthful soldier is apt to have for his superior. Now, as I turn my eyes toward the setting sun in

life's pathway, and look back and compare the wonderful military record of General Hooker with that of other distinguished soldiers, I feel that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is doing but a simple act of justice in causing to be handed down to her future sons a fitting and enduring remembrance of one of the most illustrious of her children. The men who fought with Hooker have naught to say against other generals, but they are determined that his military record shall go down into history aright. He always himself declared that, when the true facts of Chancellorsville should be known, history would do him justice. It is no place here to discuss the particulars of that unsatisfactory battle, because such a discussion would result in bitter and useless controversies, but the old soldiers of Hooker desire, I might say, demand, the privilege of believing in their favorite as an ideal general, and as the most distinguished in the Civil War of the many brilliant officers sent to the front who could claim Massachusetts as a birthplace. For this proud honor we will ever contend, and, judging from the liberality of the Legislature of Massachusetts in rendering the present reunion possible, and the enthusiasm of this vast audience, I believe we shall attain the object of our wishes.

Major General Hooker was born at Hadley, Mass., November 13, 1814, and was of pure Massachusetts ancestry, which traces back in the Commonwealth to 1689. His grandfather served in the French and Indian War of 1755, and, as Captain of the Greenwich Company of Minute Men of the Revolution, marched to Cambridge in April, 1775. He served at the siege of Boston, and with the Continentals at Morristown, N. J., in the winter of 1776-7. The general's mother was Mary Seymour of Hadley, a most estimable woman. Joseph was the only son and the youngest of four children.

In 1833 he was appointed a cadet at the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, and graduated in July, 1837, being twenty-eighth in rank in a class of fifty. Like Grant and Sheridan he was not distinguished for high scholarship, but at this early age displayed soldierly qualities of a high order.

Immediately upon graduation he was appointed a second lieutenant of artillery and assigned to Company F of the 1st regiment, and served in Florida until August, 1838, when his regiment was ordered to the Maine frontier on account of disputed lines between the United States and Great Britain, and for a while he was stationed at Portland, where he became a

great favorite socially. He is to-day remembered by many of the former belles of that city as a handsome and attractive young officer. After garrison duty at several interior points he was appointed adjutant at the Military Academy at West Point, in 1841, and adjutant of his regiment five years later, which latter position he held until May 11, 1846.

Upon the breaking out of the war with Mexico he was granted leave of absence from his regiment, and served upon the staffs of Brigadiers-general Persifer F. Smith, Thomas L. Hamer, Gideon J. Pillow, Caleb Cushing, and Cadwalader.

As acting assistant adjutant-general upon the staff of General Hamer he greatly distinguished himself. He was peculiarly fitted for the duties of this position, as he had already served in the Florida War in that capacity. While serving upon the staff he led a company of the 9th infantry and a small detachment from other companies under a heavy fire at the National Bridge.

Upon the reorganization of the army under Scott, for the advance upon the city of Mexico, Hooker, who had then been made a captain by brevet, was transferred to the staff of General Pillow, who then commanded a division; and on the final advance to

Churubusco was chosen to receive the flag of surrender at the convent.

At the assault upon the rugged heights of Chapultepec, a forerunner of that greater assault led by him at Lookout Mountain, he was among the first to pass over the scaling ladder into the Mexican works. Pillow says of him, "Captain Hooker, my adjutantgeneral and chief of my staff, was distinguished throughout this action by his activity, energy, and gallantry." In his report to the Secretary of War, Scott especially commended young Hooker for his distinguished services upon the staffs of Pillow and Cadwalader. For his gallant conduct at the assault upon the heights of Chapultepec, Hooker received the brevet of lieutenant-colonel. He was later transferred to the staff of a distinguished Massachusetts soldier, General Caleb Cushing. Political and personal quarrels had crept in among the higher officers serving in the Mexican War to such an extent that the senior generals were relieved from duty and ordered to attend a Court of Inquiry at Washington, in June, 1848. The bitterest quarrel of all was that between General Pillow and General Scott as to the battle of Contreras, and Hooker's testimony, being fearlessly in favor of Pillow and against Scott, created a feeling between

himself and General Scott, who had previously so highly commended him, which was never outgrown by the old veteran.

Oration

Hooker's conduct in the Mexican War clearly pointed to a future distinguished career should opportunity ever offer to him to exercise the wonderful qualities which he possessed. His record as compared with that of others of his age and rank was most distinguished. So far as a brief examination of the subject has made me familiar with the military records of his companions in that brilliant success of our army, I find but one name having the credit of three brevets for meritorious service and gallantry in action,—the name of Joseph Hooker.

The Mexican War, with its brilliant campaigns and our unvarying successes, was a school in which we educated for our Civil War many of our most distinguished officers. In the recent war with Spain nearly all the officers of high rank received their practical training in that great conflict between the North and South, serving both for and against our flag, and finally, by uniting the followers of Grant and Lee we gained in the Spanish War more than has ever been accomplished in any war in the same length of time. It was not the mere conquering of a foreign foe that

has made the results valuable, but the reuniting of two sections in loyalty to a common flag, under whose folds we hold with equal honor the names of George Dewey and Fitzhugh Lee, Joseph Wheeler, and Nelson A. Miles.

At the close of the Mexican War, Hooker was promoted to captain in the first artillery, but declined to qualify, and was later assigned as assistant adjutant-general of the Pacific division, which took him to California, where he served in this capacity for about two years, when he received a leave of absence for two years more, and at the end of that period resigned.

Hooker's resignation was not occasioned by want of love of the duties of an active soldier. Brilliant as was his career in Mexico while in the face of the enemy, he, like many others of our young and energetic officers who served in that war, became tired of the duties of garrison life. The prospects of long service and slow promotion in the artillery arm of the service in time of peace did not appeal to his energetic and ambitious nature. There were others who pursued the same course; in fact, at the breaking out of the Civil War, Burnside was a manufacturer in Rhode Island; Grant was a tanner in Illinois; Stonewall Jackson was

a teacher of a military academy in Virginia; Sherman held a similar position in Louisiana, and McClellan had become president of a railroad in New Jersey. Hooker, upon resigning from the army, purchased a farm in Sonora County, California, and for several years engaged in the humble but honorable occupation of a

farmer.

During two years of this time, however, he was a superintendent of military roads in Oregon, and did some military surveying. General Halleck was a majorgeneral of California militia at the same time Hooker was a colonel.

Hooker thus lived quietly and unknown in California until the beginning of the Civil War. Soon after the firing upon Fort Sumter, believing that his previous experience might be of service to the government, Colonel Hooker proceeded to Washington to tender his services to the President. The old feeling between himself and General Scott at first prevented the acceptance of the services. He had actually despaired of any appointment, and, in this condition, called upon President Lincoln, when that oft-repeated and now historic dialogue took place. He was introduced to the President by mistake as "Captain Hooker," but he explained to the President that he

Oration

had once had the honor of being a lieutenant-colonel in the United States Army, and that he had hoped that he might be of service to the government in its hour of need. He said that he had seen the fight at Bull Run, and that he believed that he would make a better brigadier-general than any the President had there. The President, with that keen instinct which always characterized him, at first astounded by the boldness of the declaration, soon saw that there was in this almost disappointed man sufficient material for high command; he said, "Colonel, not 'Captain' Hooker, stay, I have a regiment for you." The regiment turned out to be a brigade, and within a few days he was made a brigadier-general of volunteers and assigned to a brigade.

At this very time Grant was seeking an appointment in vain, and had gladly taken up clerical work in connection with the organization of troops in Illinois, when finally he also attracted attention and was made colonel of a regiment.

Immediately upon his appointment Hooker discovered that Daniel E. Sickles, who had raised five regiments in New York for the war, had fed and clothed them for more than two months, and had brought them to a high standard of drill and discipline, was refused a

commission even as a colonel, because it was feared, or at least pretended to be feared, by extreme partisans, that it was dangerous to entrust the command of Federal troops to an uncompromising Democrat. Sickles had not then led his corps in the wheat field at Gettysburg where he fell, amid leaden hail, from a wound that was almost fatal.

Early in '61 Hooker was assigned to the afterwards famous 2d division of the 3d corps, then serving under Heintzelman. The battle of Williamsburg was the first to show to the country the fighting qualities of the Army of the Potomac. The 1st division of the 3d corps was commanded by the gallant Kearny, who went down to his death at Chantilly. At Williamsburg the 3d corps was baptized in blood, and the Third Corps Union, the oldest social organization of the Army of the Potomac, holds its anniversaries upon the 5th of May, the date of the battle. It was at this battle that Hooker obtained the title of "Fighting Joe Hooker." Strange as it may seem to those who admire him under that name, a title that has given inspiration to his followers in many a fight, it never pleased Hooker himself. He felt that it reflected upon his candor, carefulness, and skill as a general.

Throughout the severe and discouraging marches

and the bloody contests of the Peninsula, Hooker maintained himself at the head of his division with most consummate skill. For his gallantry at Williamsburg he was highly commended by General Heintzelman. While Hooker was hard pressed, Kearny came forward with his division, and then and there the Hooker and Kearny divisions formed a friendship which was afterwards more strongly cemented in every battle in which the 3d corps was engaged. Williamsburg was a glorious victory for our arms. The conduct of Hooker and his division at Fair Oaks, Seven Pines, Glendale, Malvern Hill, and the "Seven Days' Battle," was highly commended by McClellan. Hooker himself always maintained that at that time McClellan could have reached Richmond before the Confederate troops in Pope's front could have prevented it, but McClellan thought otherwise, and Hooker, as a faithful subordinate, buried his own opinions, obeyed his superior, and served him well. Before our army left Harrison's Landing, Hooker again begged McClellan to march to Richmond, but a withdrawal was ordered. Hooker joined Pope, then in command of the army of Virginia; the enemy had been between Pope and Washington; Hooker and Kearny were in the battles of Manassas and Chantilly and prevented Lee's ad-

vance upon Washington. Hooker, in recognition of his gallant services, was now placed in command of the 1st corps and distinguished himself again, this time at the battle of South Mountain. The battle of Antietam followed, and here Hooker undertook the difficult task of leading the Federal right wing, which he did most gallantly. Throughout the severest of the fighting, Hooker seemed to be in every portion of his command at once. Always well to the front, there was no time when he was not actually under fire, riding back and forth upon his white horse, for which he was famous, that compact, handsome, soldierly figure was to his own men an inspiration, and for his enemies a shining mark, but it seemed as though no bullet could hit him, for the air was almost alive with them.

Seeing a point of woods well to the front, which he determined to gain, he started forward mounted, when he was struck in the foot by a minie ball. Three men were shot down by his side at the same time, and still he kept on, until, weak and fainting from loss of blood, he fell from his horse, not until, however, he had given the final order, which carried the woods which he was seeking.

To no man more than Hooker should be given the credit of the Antietam battle. Here, as at Williams-

burg, his conduct so impressed his men that ever after his presence was an inspiration, and they were ready to follow him to the death. After a few weeks of patient suffering he was again able for active service. During his illness President Lincoln was a constant visitor by his side.

McClellan had now again been removed from the command of the Army of the Potomac, and Burnside was ordered to succeed him. He divided the army into what was known as three grand divisions of two corps each. At Fredericksburg these grand divisions were to be commanded by Sumner on the right, Hooker in the center, and Franklin on the left. The center grand division was composed of the 3d corps under Stoneman, and the 5th under Butterfield. Fredericksburg the exigencies of the occasion were held by Burnside to justify the sending of the 3d corps to the left wing, and the 5th corps into Fredericksburg to reinforce the right wing. Hooker, practically bereft of his command, went in with the 5th corps. He did not believe it possible to carry Marye's Heights by storm, and so stated to Burnside. Burnside thought otherwise, and history has recorded the barren results of a brave, but foolhardy assault. The troops were finally withdrawn from the right bank of

the Rappahannock, and Fredericksburg passed into history as defeat for the Federals. A second attempt to move southward in the following winter, known as "The Mud Campaign," added no lustre to the Army of the Potomac; in fact its results but intensified the piques and jealousies which already pervaded that hard-worked army, especially among the higher officers. The condition of the Army of the Potomac, with its bickerings and dissensions, had become intolerable both to Burnside and the President. So exasperated was Burnside that he issued an order, subject to the approval of the President, dismissing three general officers and discharging from duty with the Army of the Potomac five others. The order was sent to the President by Burnside, with a request that it be approved or that his own resignation be accepted. The order was not approved, but Burnside's resignation as commander of the Army of the Potomac was promptly accepted. Then the President selected a new commander in the person of General Hooker, whom he had always admired. Never was the magic influence of a single man more clearly shown than when Hooker assumed command of the Army of the Potomac. The higher officers had such piques and quarrels among themselves as never before or since undermined the

DEDICATION OF HOOKER STATUE

morale of that or any other army of the United States. Soldiers, as well as officers, although it was not apparent to the ordinary observer, had become disheartened and discouraged by the frequent changes in commanders and the unsatisfactory results of their own brave fighting. A bright flame of enthusiasm was fast dwindling into a flickering torch. Patriotism, discipline, and fidelity to the government were all that prevented the army from disintegrating and becoming useless as a means of suppressing the rebellion. Upon Hooker's appearance as a commander of the Army of the Potomac the scene changed. The cavalry was organized into a corps by itself. An examination of the rolls of the regiments disclosed the painful fact that there were absent from duty more than 3,000 officers and 80,000 men. Desertions were occurring at the rate of several hundred a day. Many officers, some of them high in command, had opposed the policy of the Government, especially the emancipation proclamation. Hooker changed all this. Furloughs were freely granted. The number of drills was increased. He gave the cavalry abundant opportunity to distinguish itself on small expeditions. Three months of time were thus spent in reorganizing and improving the army. To remedy mentioned was one of the first acts of

Hooker, who, with the aid of his indefatigable chief of staff, General Butterfield, caused absentees to return, deserters to be punished, and a system of discipline hitherto unknown to be inaugurated. Each corps, division and brigade was designated by different badges and standards, so that their respective commanders could pick out their men in action or upon the march. Next came the battle of Chancellorsville. Hooker determined to seek battle with the enemy upon the south side of the Rappahannock.

This is no time or place to attempt to determine who was responsible for the disaster of Chancellors-ville. To revive such a discussion would only intensify a bitter controversy, which can bear no fruit. The future historian must determine such questions as these. All concede that Hooker as a corps commander was an ideal general, but many of his critics contend that he had not the capacity for the command of an army. While allowing every man the full exercise of his own judgment and the free expression of his own opinion, I have never yet subscribed to this conclusion, but contend that, up to the time of Hooker's accident at Chancellorsville, which practically disabled him from further command, he had done nothing which indicated that he might not have

Oration successfully fought out the battle. His original plan of campaign was practicable. The enemy had not anticipated that he would attempt to cross two such rivers as the Rapidan and the Rappahannock. Hooker concluded to throw upon Lee's right wing three corps under Sedgwick, at a point a few miles below Fredericksburg, and to push a strong force across the Rappahannock at other points. His intention was, after crossing the river and having Fredericksburg between the two wings of his army, to capture that city and envelop Lee's army, which, as he assumed, would be in his front. He crossed the river as arranged, at different points, having three corps as his left wing and four as his right. The very fact that he was enabled to cross at so many different points demonstrates most clearly, although it has been denied, that the enemy was not fully posted as to his movements. Sedgwick was progressing favorably, holding Lee at Fredericksburg, while Hooker was preparing to come down upon him from Chancellorsville. The battle opened in earnest on the 2d day of May, and with favorable prospects for the Federals. Suddenly there was discovered in our front and passing to our right a heavy column of the enemy's troops. This was the famous flank movement of Stonewall Jackson. Sickles

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was at once ordered to attack this column, which he did with considerable success, but the column was not discovered early enough to actually enable our forces to succeed. Hooker always claimed to have sent a dispatch to Howard on the right to be in readiness for Jackson's attack, but Howard declared that he did not receive it seasonably. Suffice it to say that the attack was made on the right of the Federal line with all the vigor for which Stonewall Jackson and his men were famous. The flank was turned, and what might have been the rout of the whole of that part of the army was prevented by the steadiness of one of Howard's divisions and his artillery and the opportune arrival of our cavalry, together with the personal daring and efforts of General Howard himself, who, mounted, and holding an American flag against his breast upon the side which had an empty sleeve, tried to keep back the wavering lines. The assault, while successful, so far weakened Jackson's men that they were hardly in condition for an active movement immediately after. Here occurred what has been known as "The Midnight Charge." A part of the 3d corps, which had attacked Jackson's column as it advanced to our right, now turned upon it, or a portion of it, after it had passed our right

and struck our rear. In the darkness of the night, Jackson, finding his lines needed strengthening, was riding forward with a few of his staff to place A. P. Hill's corps in position, when suddenly he fell from his horse, mortally wounded. It has never been definitely decided whether the fatal shot came from his own men or our own. General John B. Gordon, a most distinguished Confederate officer, who gave us no end of trouble during the war and who has, ever since, by his tongue and pen, attempted to heal the wounds of the conflict, admits in a recent magazine article that there is still grave doubt as to which troops fired the fatal shot. Those of us who have often witnessed the daring and skill of Stonewall Jackson, and have since the war learned more of his manly and christian character, do not desire to press the claim that we were the means of his death. Up to the time of Jackson's onslaught Hooker had been successful. The loss of the enemy exceeded his; Sedgwick's movement on the left of the line had been satisfactory; our lines had been reformed during the After that, Stuart, who succeeded Jackson, abandoned the plan of doubling up our right and made his assaults in our immediate front. We still greatly outnumbered the enemy; we had close at hand

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two corps, aggregating 35,000 men, who had practically not been engaged at all, but just at this time when it required the greatest skill of the commander, a most unfortunate accident happened to General Hooker. He had already sent an order to Sedgwick to march upon Chancellorsville, believing that he would reach the scene of action in time to carry the battle. Sedgwick, it is true, did not reach the Chancellorsville grounds within the time expected, but he finally captured Fredericksburg and carried the enemy's centre at Marye's Heights, all prior to eleven o'clock the next morning. Hooker charged Sedgwick with tardiness, which claim was sustained by the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War.

On the morning of the 3d of May General Hooker was standing on the steps of the portico of the Chancellorsville house, where he had his headquarters. The battle was then at its height. The general was leaning against a pillar which was struck by a solid shot, which split it in two, throwing one part against the general. He was hurled to the ground insensible, and the rumor of his death flew like wildfire among the troops. To counteract the effects of this rumor the general persisted in mounting and riding along his lines. At no time after this accident was Hooker

fit to command; in fact, he should have absolutely and finally turned the command over to General Couch, as he did for a few hours, but his hardy courage and persistent will would not allow him. On the night of the 4th a council of war was held. The river had been made dangerous by a rain storm; rations were then not sufficient for more than a day's fighting; but even at this late hour the situation was not gloomy enough to prevent a majority of a council of war voting to remain on the south side of the river. Hooker decided otherwise, and the river was recrossed. In his then mental and physical condition it was perhaps well that the army was withdrawn. It has been said that a greater general would not have allowed Lee to flank him, and yet we find that Hooker seasonably sent word to the right flank to prepare for this attack, and if our troops, when recovering in a measure from the sudden onslaught, did finally succeed in checking Jackson's pushing on further, is it not reasonable to suppose that, if they had been properly handled to the end, the disaster might have been prevented? There is no evidence that Hooker was wanting in foresight, unless we might claim that he should have formed his army at a right angle on the right. He did what is ever done, formed in the

face of the enemy ready to do him battle. When he saw that a flank movement was attempted he took the same precautions that any other general would have taken. That he was bitterly criticised may perhaps have resulted from one great defect in his own character, and that was, his proneness to criticise others. He may have stirred up enmities which brought to him their bitter fruit. Measured by losses in battle Chancellorsville was not so serious a disaster as one might suppose. The Union loss was a little more than 17,000, while the Confederate loss was a little more than 12,000; the proportion of loss according to the number of troops engaged was about the same in the Union and Confederate armies.

One might have supposed that the result of Chancellorsville would have ended the career of Hooker as an army commander, but his staunch and stalwart friend, President Lincoln, who stood by him until he himself fell by the assassin's hand, saw fit to continue him in command of the Army of the Potomac, which had already suffered sufficiently from the frequent changes in its commanders. Hooker, with that honest nature which was characteristic of him, admitted his failure at Chancellorsville, although he always denied the causes as given by others. He declared it as his

purpose to retrieve the renown he had lost, and immediately prepared for another campaign. Within a few days after the Chancellorsville battle he asked permission of the President to attack again. His infantry had already been reduced by the discharge of nine months' and two years' men, and he asked for new regiments to take their places. This request was neither refused nor granted. The President, however, discouraged an immediate movement.

At this time the morale of the Confederate army was at its best. The northern papers had begun to attack the northern army. When it was discovered that there was an unusual activity in the Confederate army, Hooker, with that foresight which characterizes a great general, telegraphed the President that he believed the purpose of Lee was to again go North. Hooker desired the privilege of attacking the enemy in the rear as soon as he might make his onward movement. This plan the President disapproved, and, in conjunction with Halleck, advised an attack in flank. On the third of June the Confederates for the second time turned their steps northward, and Hooker prepared to follow them. Fully realizing the necessity of having under his command all available troops, and, as he had already been promised those at Harper's

Ferry, he renewed his request for them. These, to the number of about 11,000, were withheld from him. Hooker knew very well that this action was brought about through the instrumentality of Halleck, whose hostility to him had been demonstrated on other occasions, and felt that he would not be fully supported if the campaign should continue. Smarting under what he considered a broken promise and an act of gross injustice, he immediately tendered his resignation as commander of the Army of the Potomac. Its subsequent history, including the glorious victory at Gettysburg, is too well known to be repeated here. While we give to Meade all possible credit, the campaign had been planned by Hooker; the troops had been forwarded just as Hooker directed, and when Hooker left the army his place alone was filled; the same staff continued to do duty at headquarters, and all the details of the campaign were carried out substantially as already planned. It is touching to recall the fact that Hooker put forward but one request, and that was that he might be given, even under Meade who succeeded him, the command of the corps which Meade had to give up to take command of the army. Even this was denied him. His duty to his country and the instincts of a true soldier tri-

umphed over all personal feelings which he must naturally have had, and he declared that it was far better to sacrifice one or all of the generals in the army than to have a want of harmony among those to whom was entrusted the command and management of the troops. He declared in a letter to the President that General Meade was a good officer and a brave man, and would command his army well, and thus, sad and sorrowing but not defiant, this noble officer bade adieu to his companions-in-arms with whom he had served, and many of whom he had led to glorious victory in some of the hardest fought battles of the war. He left behind him an example of noble daring and lofty patriotism, and on the weary march and in the fierce contests subsequent to his removal the spirit of Hooker was always with the men he had commanded.

It would naturally be supposed that the removal of Hooker from the Army of the Potomac would end his career as a soldier; that both his own disappointment and the irritation of the administration at his course would prevent his being tendered any further command of importance. Our Western troops at this time were in need of aid, and it was decided to send to Rosecrans, then operating in the vicinity of Chatta-

nooga, the 11th and 12th corps, and in an almost incredibly short space of time these troops of veterans, with Hooker at their head, were transferred from Virginia to Tennessee. The battle of Wauhatchie proclaimed once more Hooker as a successful general. The grand old General Thomas—"The Rock of Chickamauga"—declared that Hooker and his troops deserved great credit for their brilliant success in driving the Confederate army from every position which they attacked. Soon after came the famous battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. It was the intention to detach from Hooker a portion of his corps to participate in the general battle which was soon to occur, leaving to him only one division. Fortunately for Hooker and the country, a portion of the troops ordered out for the assault on Missionary Ridge were unable to cross the Tennessee on a bridge which had been laid for that purpose, and they thus fell under Hooker's command.

Fourteen hundred feet above the plain, Lookout Mountain raises its massive head and looks out over five different states. Like a sturdy sentinel its grand and lofty peaks stand out against the clear sky to guard the silent bivouac of the thousands who died almost at its very foot in the hard fighting of Chicka-

mauga and Chattanooga, — Chickamauga, where the death roll exceeded that of Waterloo, and Chattanooga where the greatest of American generalship and the dash and daring of American troops were shown to an astonished world. At the foot of the mountain and between it and Missionary Ridge is a level plain where lay the Federal army, panting like hounds in a leash to be let loose; Confederate soldiers stretched along the tops and sides of the mountain and the ridge ready at a minute's notice to hurl death into the assaulting column. It had been determined to make an assault along the main line, but no one had dreamed of scaling the rugged sides of Lookout Mountain.

Thomas, who knew the mettle of Hooker, got permission from Grant for Hooker to take two divisions besides his own and make what was named in the order as a "demonstration" upon Lookout Mountain, which in military language would be a movement simply to divert the enemy while the general engagement was going on. Hooker's "demonstration" was something that had never been dreamed of by either the Federals or Confederates. The method of carrying out the "demonstration" was wholly Hooker's.

Hooker with his three divisions moved around the

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base of the mountain. Towering around their heads were rocks piled upon each other, leading, like a giant's stairway, to the walls and pits of the plateau and palisades high above, these latter points being held by the Confederates against Hooker and his men, while the Federals had already placed a battery on Moccasin Bend, just opposite and within easy range, when suddenly a cloudy mist settled slowly down upon the plateau and enveloped the Confederates. Meanwhile, Hooker pushed on with his men, his presence not being known even by the Confederates themselves, until the two lines were within a few yards of each other, when, with the boom of artillery and the pattering of the musket balls, the opposing forces fought each other in the clouded darkness, while old Lookout raised its head in the clear sky above and the troops below could see nothing, could hear nothing, except the booming of the artillery and the rattle of small arms; but everybody knew that a gallant fight was being made because Hooker and his men were there, but no one could dream what might be the result, and so the sun set upon a waiting and anxious army in the valley below. The elements had conspired to make it a dreary and dismal night, and even the moon was in an eclipse, as if to

add to the weirdness of the scene. When upon the rising of the sun the next morning there appeared upon the top of Lookout Mountain, against a clear sky, the victorious standards of Hooker, a shout went up from the plain below to the very heavens above, and "with the sound of many voices" there was given to the painter and poet a scene such as was never before witnessed upon the continent, and, in the future ages, when the traveler shall feast his eyes upon the magnificent view from Lookout Mountain he will not need to be told, for he will already have read it, and will whisper reverently to himself, "It was here that Hooker fought the battle above the clouds." After the capture of Lookout Mountain, with the capture of Missionary Ridge the next day, the rout of the enemy was complete.

Time will not permit to follow Hooker through all the brilliant fighting in which he engaged in the Western army, as a commander of the 20th corps. Afterward at Snake Creek he carried two strong redoubts, and at Resaca, at the head of his corps, he again distinguished himself. At Peach Tree Creek, which was his last battle, Hooker rode up to a wavering line and by words of cheer and encouragement turned it back upon the enemy, and the day

was won. This battle had much to do in the for- of warding of the march to Atlanta.

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But here again was disappointment. Hooker felt that in the advance upon the Confederates at Missionary Ridge Sherman had been a little slow in pushing forward his part of the line, and foolishly so expressed himself, a folly for which he was soon to pay the penalty. McPherson had fallen and the Army of the Tennessee must have a new commander. Hooker expected to be appointed. The President desired to have him appointed, but Sherman objected and prevailed. This too, after General Thomas had declared that the column under Major General Hooker "deserved great credit for their brilliant success in driving the enemy from every position which they attacked," and that "the bayonet charge up a steep and difficult hill, over 200 feet high, completely routing the enemy and driving him from his barricades on its top, will rank among the most distinguished feats of arms of this war."

When Hooker failed of appointment to the command of the Army of the Tennessee he asked to be relieved from duty, and in his letter said, "justice and self-respect alike require my removal from an army in which rank and service are ignored."

As Hooker rode away, upon being relieved, his old soldiers gathered about him, and bade him a sad farewell, as the tears streamed down cheeks which had never paled in the red line of battle.

Soon after this he was placed in command of the Northern Department, with headquarters at Detroit, but held no further command during the war.

October 4, 1865, General Hooker was united in marriage with Miss Olivia Groesbeck, daughter of the late John H. Groesbeck of Cincinnati.

After the General's health failed his wife went abroad with him, and it is said the cause of her own final sickness was her exertions in caring for him. She died at Watertown, N. Y., July 15, 1868.

In 1867 General Hooker had a stroke of paralysis, resulting from his Chancellorsville accident, and was finally retired from the service as a full major-general in the regular army. He never recovered from the paralytic shock, but ever afterwards was obliged to use a cane and be assisted by a servant when he went away from home. He died October 31, 1879, at Garden City, N. Y., at the age of 64.

General Gordon, a most gallant Confederate officer, says of Hooker that "he was one of the brilliant soldiers of the Union Army," and that "his movement at Lookout Mountain through the dense underbrush, up the rocky steeps and limestone cliffs was executed with celerity by the commander and his men."

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Hooker has been condemned for sensitiveness, but I will let him defend himself in his own words. In writing the Secretary of the Treasury, Chase, he said: "If my services in this rebellion do not merit reward they certainly have been such as should shield me from punishment. Many of my juniors are in the exercise of independent commands, while I am here with more rank piled on top of me than a well man can stand up under, with a corporal's guard for a command."

As an instance of General Hooker's foresight, I point with pride to the fact that General Butterfield, that magnificent soldier who served so long as chief-of-staff in the Army of the Potomac, is authority for the statement that before the army crossed the Potomac to enter upon the Gettysburg campaign, Hooker, upon being criticised for not attempting to prevent Lee's crossing the river, pointed out upon the map the very points at which he would cross and declared that the Confederate army would repeat the tactics of the preceding year. "Why," said Hooker, "rather

than prevent his crossing I would lay the bridges and present arms to his troops as they cross." Hooker declared he must keep the enemy between himself and the range of mountains leading from the Potomac to the Gettysburg section, and would fight him in the vicinity of Gettysburg. "If," said he, "Lee escapes with his army the country is entitled to it and should have my head for a football," and to-day many loyal admirers of Meade himself believe that if Hooker had been commander of the Army of the Potomac at the end of the three days battle at Gettysburg, Lee would not have been allowed to leave on his southward march with his army intact.

After the battle of Antietam, McClellan wrote a private letter to Hooker in which he said, "Had you not been wounded when you were, I believe the result of the battle would have been the entire destruction of the rebel army; for I know that with you at its head, your corps would have kept on until it gained the main wall. As a slight expression of what I think you merit, I have requested that the brigadier general's commission rendered vacant by Mansfield's death be given you." General Hooker's commission as brigadier general in the regular army bears the date of this letter.

General Sickles, the honored commander of our old 3d corps, has well described Hooker as being "in conception, audacious, original and acute; in execution, energetic but prudent; severe in discipline but generous in praise; quick to recognize ability and merit in friend or foe."

The skill of the artist cannot be measured by a single merit or single defect of the picture. The sum-total of the good qualities and the sum-total of the bad must be weighed against each other, and so of human character. To condemn Hooker for a few glaring faults would be as unjust as to unduly elevate him for a few great virtues.

It is with Hooker's character as a general that we have to do. Many of his greatest faults were such as we find in all great soldiers. Was he ambitious? So was Alexander. Was he vain? So was Cæsar. Was he impatient and persistent? So was Napoleon. As an organizer of troops he was the equal of Grant. As a cool and farseeing strategist he certainly resembled Sherman. As a leader in an impetuous charge he was the equal of the fiery Sheridan. As a commander beloved and almost worshipped by his soldiers, he had no superior. Like Sickles and Howard, who honor us with their presence to-night, his wounds

were received when he was at the very forefront of the fighting.

Had he something of vanity as to his dress and personal appearance? So had the great admiral, Nelson, when at Trafalgar he pinned upon his breast the medals he had won and said: "In honor I won them and in honor I will die with them." So had the Earl of Cardigan, when in ermine and fine laces he charged at the head of the "gallant six hundred" at Balaklava.

Hooker was at times a merciless critic, but read to-day his testimony given in 1863 before the Congressional Committee, and see how impartial history has, since the clouds have cleared away, confirmed his opinions as to the great conflicts of the first two years of the war.

Hooker loved his men and his men loved him. The affection of soldiers for their general is no mean test of the merits of the general himself. Pass through the rank and file of the Army of the Potomac to-day and as many of them as are alive will give you as just and accurate an opinion of the merits and demerits of the various generals under whom they have served as any class of men with whom I have acquaintance. Measured by this standard, no one would

rank higher than Hooker. His skill and bravery were evident to all, but only those who knew him well had any idea of the extreme sensitiveness and tendemess of his nature. He was always sensitive - perhaps unduly so - as to anything which affected the good name of his command, whether it were a brigade, division, or the whole army. He rivalled in bravery the young and fiery Kearny, who, as he rode along his lines with his bridle rein between his teeth, while he grasped his sword with one arm, the other having been shot away, had many a time come to the relief of Hooker. They had become the strongest of friends, yet this friendship, cemented under fire, came near an end because Hooker thought that on one occasion Kearny had not given due credit to Hooker's troops.

When Hooker was ordered to a redoubt at Resaca, where other assaults had failed, and was asked as to the prospects of his success, he declared, "I will capture that at any cost. We are serving here, but we belong to the Army of the Potomac, and I owe that much to that army."

Those of you who served under the gallant General Berry of Maine, who succeeded the brave Hooker as a division commander, will never forget

the tragic incident when Hooker, while the battle of Chancellorsville was at its height, rode along and saw by the roadside the dead body of Berry, who had fallen the victim of the deadly aim of a sharpshooter. Hooker dismounted, approached the dead general, knelt by his side and leaning over with tears in his eyes kissed his forehead and said: "My God, Berry, why was the man in whom I relied so much to be taken away in this manner? In battle brave as a lion, yet when the chord of friendship was touched he became as tender as a woman. It was always thus,

'The bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring.'"

All countries in all ages have accorded a special honor to their soldier dead, and it has always appeared to me that it is most fitting that these honors should be paid at or near the home of the dead soldier. In the bloodiest scenes of carnage, in the prison, in the hospital or upon the blood-stained deck of the battleship, the thoughts of the bravest turn lovingly toward home. Our soldiers at Mine Run when they were, as they supposed, about to start upon what might have been a fatal charge, pinned upon their manly breasts tiny bits of paper, upon which were written the name, rank and regiment of

the wearer, in order that their dead bodies might not Oration fill nameless graves.

I have often wondered whether, upon occasions like this, the dead hero can look down upon us. The desire to be known after death is an instinct of our nature. Hooker, in his saddest moments, always declared that history would do him justice, and perhaps to-night he is looking thankfully on while these honors, the result of the love and devotion of his companions of the old 3d corps, are being paid to his sacred memory. We who served with him must soon pass away, but we hope to leave in the minds of those who come after us, as a token of our love and devotion, a lasting memory of one of the bravest and purest soldiers of that conflict which made us a nation and not a collection of petty states.

To-day the statue of General Hooker was unveiled by his grandnephew. The touching scene was reverently witnessed by the old soldiers of the great general. We who followed him in his life-time with undying love, and, since his death, have sought to keep green his memory, now publish to the world his good deeds, and confide to the good people of Massachusetts the sacred trust of perpetuating a name which

DEDICATION OF HOOKER STATUE

Oration

has for more than two hundred years represented a pure Massachusetts lineage and will go down to posterity as one of the brightest jewels in the military coronet of this grand old Commonwealth.







LIEUTENANT GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, U. S. A.

ADDRESS

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GOVERNOR BATES' INTRODUCTION OF GENERAL MILES

WHEN General Mattocks had concluded, there were insistent cries from the veterans for General Howard and General Miles. Governor Bates first introduced General Miles, saying:

"I will not present him to you. You have introduced him yourselves. Lieutenant General Miles."

The veterans rose as one man and cheered the general again and again as he stepped to the front of the platform.

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BY LIEUTENANT GENERAL NELSON A. MILES

OMRADES, I shall not attempt to say more than to indorse the excellent and eloquent words that have been uttered concerning that great commander, that heroic, chivalrous, brave patriot and soldier, General Hooker, whom we all loved and whom we all respected.

It is certainly gratifying to me, a Massachusetts man, to come back to my old Commonwealth and listen to words of appreciation and tribute here, forty years after the achievements were made, the victories won by a son of Massachusetts. It convinces me that the spirit of heroism is not dead, but is as much alive in Massachusetts to-day as it was forty or even one hundred years ago.

I have always been proud of my native State, but never more so than to-day, to see this tribute paid by the people of this Commonwealth to those who fought for their country.

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Listening to the words of the orator this evening, I recall one incident to which he has referred. I was seriously wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville, and was carried into the house where Hooker had his headquarters. A shell struck the house and set it on fire, and every one realized that the place had to be deserted. As the shell crashed through the house, one of the falling timbers struck General Hooker, knocking him down. As I was being carried out by two comrades, I saw General Hooker going from the other side of the building, limping, scarcely able to walk, and with his clothes covered with dust. And yet the hero was undaunted, and was endeavoring by his presence, by his act, and by his determination, to hold the position and to hold the confidence of the army. He was at that moment disabled, but was so heroic that he would not leave the field, and remained when others might have gone to the rear. I thank you for this cordial greeting and wish you every happiness and prosperity.

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BY MAJOR GENERAL O. O. HOWARD OF BURLINGTON, VERMONT

GOVERNOR BATES' INTRODUCTION OF GENERAL HOWARD

"Hen General Miles concluded, the cries for "Howard!" "Howard!" were renewed. "There are lots of commanders here to-night," said Governor Bates, "and there seems to be a great many among the audience. It is a pleasure, in obedience to your command, to ask the one who comes from Fair Oaks, where he left an arm, one who comes from Gettysburg, where he was in command on the first day of that fight, to say a word to you—one of the last surviving division commanders of the Union army,—General O. O. Howard."

BY MAJOR GENERAL O. O. HOWARD

OF BURLINGTON, VERMONT

OMRADES, this is the first time since the great war that I have listened to a review of the military career of General Joseph Hooker. And I have thought how thoroughly just and yet generous has been that review. Our friend, the general, who has just spoken to us, has said that history will do justice. That lecture we have heard to-night will be a part of the history of General Hooker. I should like to see a thorough biography of him written, and he will have the palm as the General of Massachusetts in the war for the Union, and I believe that the same conclusion would be arrived at as I came to long ago, that there was no general on our side who was perfect in There was no general that was above all things. criticism.

I loved McClellan. But, comrades, whether right

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or wrong, I love his memory to-day as I did then. I myself think that Robert Lee was the greater general of the two. And I want to say, even if you go into the minutize of criticism, you will find that Robert Lee and Stonewall Jackson were more to blame for Chancellorsville than anyone else.

General Hooker was a brilliant figure, and I served under him all the time and every moment with loyalty. I served under General Meade, and he had the same loyal heart that Hooker had. I don't think it necessary for us to give improper criticism at this day to the detriment of any of our leading generals who went forth and did the best they could.

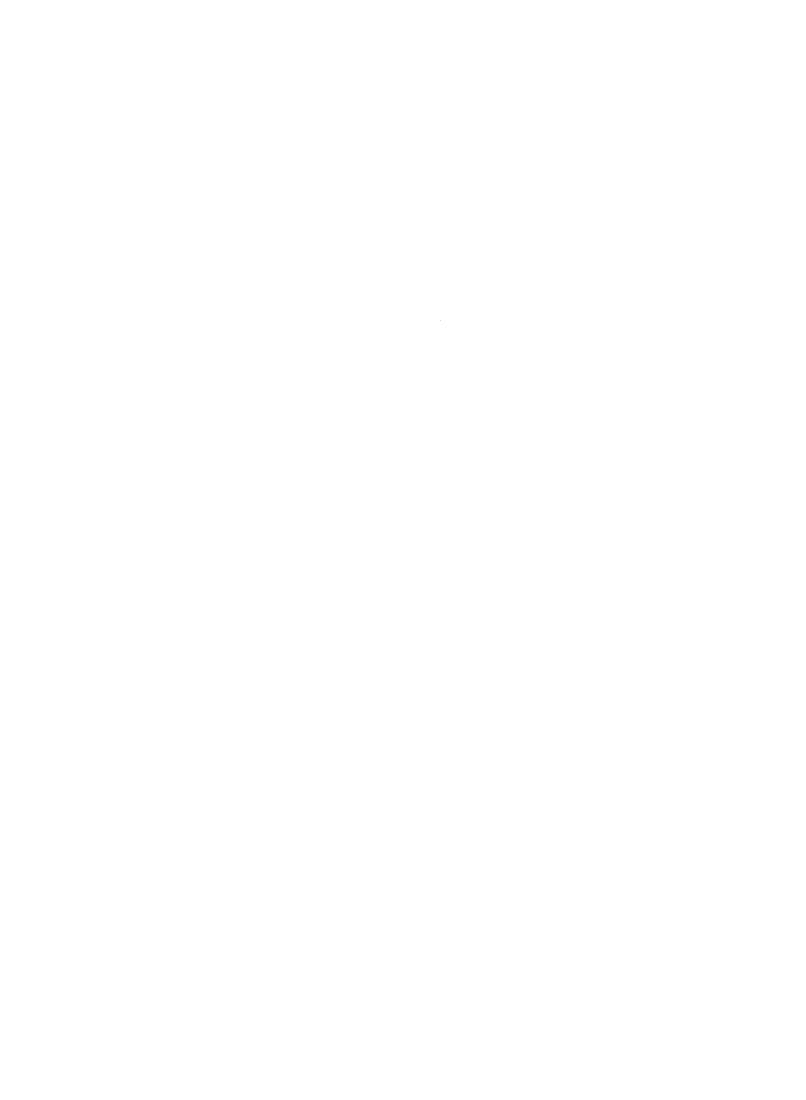
General Sickles, who always supported General Hooker, did at Gettysburg a wonderful thing—the same thing that Wellington did at Waterloo—put out a force in front of his line to hold on, and that holding on probably saved us the field.

Whether anybody else at Williamsport, except Meade, would have allowed Lee to cross the river or not I do not know. But in my foolishness I do believe that divine Providence intended that he should cross the river, that the Confederacy

DEDICATION OF HOOKER STATUE

was not yet rotten enough to go to pieces, that it Address needed Grant and Sherman and the rest to complete the job.

But, when it is all done, I am glad to see up there by the grand old State House a monument that is a worthy one of one of the finest soldiers, one of the handsomest men that used to stand before us with no fear of the enemy's bullets.

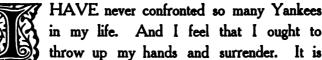


BY MAJOR GENERAL THOMAS L. ROSSER
OF CEARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA

GOVERNOR BATES' INTRODUCTION OF GENERAL ROSSER

SICKLES!" "Sickles!" called the veterans, when the applause had subsided. "We want Sickles!" "I very much regret," said Governor Bates, "that General Sickles is not present. Wearied by the work of the day, temporarily indisposed, he was unable to be here this evening. But I want to introduce to you one of the men who fought you, and who is now your friend. This is a reunited country, and it is with great pleasure that I present to the veterans of the Union army Major General Rosser of the confederate army."

BY MAJOR GENERAL THOMAS L. ROSSER
OF CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA



a great treat for me to be with you, and no man could have been with us to-day who would not be proud that he belonged to the United States of America. I don't pride myself that I am a Virginian. But I thank God that I am an American. And as an American I stand here to-night to tell you how proud I am that I can feel this way.

There are many things to say about Hooker, Lee, Stonewall Jackson and many other generals. But no man can say anything that will suit me except to say that the private soldier did his duty and won the greatest victory on earth. The private soldier saved this nation, and brought us under this great flag. The man who will say that he wishes

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the South had won is either a fool or a hypocrite. I thank God that the South did not win. And when you talk about your great generals—God Almighty was the general who brought this about, and there was no man who commanded the troops who was as great as the troops themselves.

Forty years ago, the armies of the North and the armies of the South confronted each other in fierce and bloody grapple in the jungles of the Wilderness about Chancellorsville, Virginia. The great man whose memory we are honoring here to-day commanded one of these opposing hosts. These gallant old veterans who now confront me, and who marched with us to-day, were there. They heard war's thunders wake along the Potomac, in the Wilderness, on the James and the Appomattox, and after seeing Hope's promise shine on Glory's face at Gettysburg, they struggled on to its glorious fulfillment at Appomattox Court House. This was the Army of the Potomac, the greatest army ever marshaled on the Western Hemisphere. Its many commanders were failures, and new ones one after another were tried, and until Grant came no one had been found who was big enough to handle this great army.

For the want of a proper leader it was often

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halted in its onward march to Richmond; it was often turned back, but it was never defeated, and finally, on the field of Appomattox it captured its great opposing army, with its immortal commander, Robert E. Lee, and furled forever the banner of the Starry Cross of secession and disunion.

Now the armies of Hooker, Grant and Sherman, reinforced by the armies of Robert E. Lee, Stone-wall Jackson and Jo Johnson are marching shoulder to shoulder, and boot to boot, under the glorious banner of Liberty and to the music of the spheres, winning the victories of Peace, Prosperity and Happiness for all mankind.

In conclusion, let me add, that I was the first rebel general who called on General Grant when he was dying, and the only rebel general who has marched in a procession to unveil a monument to a Union soldier.

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